

# THE Steadfast SHOE

HAND LASTED BENCH MADE

Rivals the finest bench or custom shoes made in America—built in the most modern and up-to-date factory, competing in every detail with shoes selling at double their price.

In faultless workmanship—quality—genteel appearance—the Steadfast Shoe duplicates the fashionable footwear now coming from the exclusive custom shops.

The newest and best styles are represented in our snappy fall and winter shoes. Patent leathers—tans—vici—gun metal—all first choice leathers.

**\$5.00 \$6.00**

A Southern shoe for Southern men.

F. W. DABNEY & CO.,  
Exclusive Agents in Richmond,  
301 East Broad Street  
See Our Window Display

## ..Stories Around Richmond..

By NEVIL G. HENSHAW

### The Handwriting of Fate

Spring had come to the city, and many were the signs that told of its arrival. In the gardens of the residence districts the tulips and hyacinths pushed their heads fearfully through the straw that guarded them, and smiled a faint defiance to Jack Frost and his legions. On the less fashionable streets women hung from third-story windows, their heads swathed in cloths against the dust of house-cleaning, while below them on every available perch the furniture mingled in a veritable chaos.

On the business streets one saw book

signed and Easter millinery. In the Capitol Square the squirrels frisked merrily across the short grass seeking cool spots in which to lie during the heat of summer. And on every tree on every street the little banners of new-born leaves danced and beckoned as though to give welcome to the coming of blue skies and sunlight.

Yes, the signs of spring were everywhere, save in the heart of Jakey Plonsky, for in it there—as winter.

Jakey lived upon lower Main Street, and the place of his residence was above his father's installment furniture store. Two rooms they had, which was one room more than was necessary for Jakey and his father.

But when one is forced to rent a whole building what can one do? Also tenants are irregular—coming and going far oftener than the seasons of the year.

As for the store below, perhaps there are some to whom a word of explanation might be welcome. It was not such a store as perhaps you are accustomed to, where one buys a variety of fine old mahogany and has the bill

sent to father. Rather it was a place where one bought battered oaken furniture that was frail and cheap, and as many-handed as a Buddhist god. Also there were no bills.

When you bought from Mr. Plonsky you paid down a certain amount, which was usually the cost price of the furniture. After that you paid the rest in regular installments—usually upon Saturday nights after the pay envelope had disgorged its treasure. When you did not pay for a week or two Mr. Plonsky would call and remind you of your delinquency. If after this you were still forgetful he would drive up to your house some day in his rickety wagon and take your furniture back again.

This process was known as "pulling," and was perhaps the most profitable portion of Mr. Plonsky's business; for unlike a flower his furniture did not fade and become worthless once it was pulled. Instead it went into the little room behind the store, which emerged after a while all fresh and brave in a new coating of varnish ready to be sold and pulled again.

Within this little room Jakey reigned supreme amid a litter of brushes and paint and pots of varnish. Here each day he worked between the calls of customers, carefully obliterating the marks of age and violence that disfigured the many-handed furniture of his father. And here one winter's morning he paused in his labor and gazed with dreamy satisfaction at the latest piece of his handiwork.

It was a table—a low, flat table, such as one uses for writing. Three days before it had come into the shop a battered, filthy wreck, that spoke eloquently of the popular prejudice against pulling.

Now it was new and bright, from the tip of its highly-varnished legs to its resplendent top of new, green baize, while the button of its single drawer had a look as of mahogany. Well might Jakey be proud at the causing of such a metamorphosis. "Ah, the lovely table that will do so well for my drawing. I must have it, my father," said a voice close to Jakey's ear, and he emerged from his dream with a start. Then he thought that he must be dreaming again, for before him stood a radiant creature that could only belong in a dream. Of course, it was a girl, and, of course, she was pretty. Well, we will compromise by saying that she looked that way to Jakey, which will be sufficient for our purpose. Behind the girl stood an old man, and behind the old man came Mr. Plonsky, his face wreathed in smiles, as it always was at the prospect of a sale.

"If you could be obliged to walk this way," said Mr. Plonsky, whose speech was yet tinged with his mother tongue, and in a moment Jakey and the radiant creature stood alone before the table.

But although Jakey's speech was the pure, untainted United States of America lower strata, yet did he refrain from using it. Indeed, while his father held forth in a flood of broken English upon the merits of the huddled furniture in the front of the store, our hero stood before his beautiful table in a silence, beside which that of the grave would have seemed as uproarious.

And the radiant creature? She was silent also as she gazed with apparent interest at a crack in the floor. But if the truth be known she was covertly looking at Jakey, little thinking that before long she would be caught and

stuck upon his varnish-covered figure as a fly is caught and stuck upon fly paper.

And so the silent courtship progressed until the old man, having finished his business, called to the girl and went out again. Jakey took two steps forward as the radiant creature reached the door, and then stood gazing wistfully after her, waiting to see if she would look back at him.

As she stepped onto the sidewalk the radiant creature turned her head ever so slightly, and brought to bear the battery of her big, black eyes. Then she was gone, leaving Jakey in the throes of "Cupiditis," which sent delightful little thrills running up and down his spine.

"She's a peach; a peach," he murmured vaguely until he discovered, with a start, that he was standing knee-deep in a bucket of varnish.

That night Jakey was unusually loquacious as he thought, with carefully worded questions, to gain some information from his father concerning the old man and the radiant creature. Nor was he unsuccessful, since it was a part of Mr. Plonsky's business to find out everything possible about his customers.

The old man, as Jakey learned, was named Rosenzweig. His business was a mysterious one connected with some sort of insurance. Also, this Rosenzweig was a great traveler, going about from place to place, and still moving about after he had got to the places themselves. In fact, it was said that he moved so often that sometimes he became confused as to where he really lived. At present he was domiciled above the pawnshop three blocks below. He had bought his furniture from Mr. Plonsky, including the table of which Jakey was so proud.

This table, strange as it may seem, was the ladder upon which Rosenzweig's daughter would climb into the realms of art. The daughter's name was Rachel, which, coupled with her surname, made a combination both alliterative and satisfactory. She was an only child, and kept house for her widowed father. So said Mr. Plonsky between puffs from his great meerschaum, for the emissaries of the God of Love can make things smoke before, as well as afterwards.

The next night Jakey arrayed himself in his other suit, and bashfully announced that he was going up to the corner to see the "fellows." The following night he made no announcement, yet he went to see the "fellows" again.

But why continue with what we all know so well? Within a month Jakey was haunting the rooms of Mr. Rosenzweig with a persistence that would have shamed the most industrious ghost in Christendom. And although winter had laid its iron hand upon lower Main Street, yet was there warmth and sunlight in the heart of Jakey Plonsky. For what cares a man for the price of coal when he is automatically heated by the fires of love? Indeed, could a landlord inveigle Cupid into his basement, I am sure that there would be no trouble with the registers above.

And what of the heart of Rachel? Alas! there was shadow there, for as yet her lover had spoken no word. Perhaps she was bashful. Perhaps he feared her answer. Or perhaps it is better suited to the purposes of this story that he should keep silent, seeking vainly for the ever-present love-light in his Rachel's eyes.

Ah! what a boon is this hero-blindness to all who seek a living by the

Suppose that Sir Giff de Beaumont were to see in the first chapter

the love that is so apparent to his readers, where would the story be?

But let us continue, lest we leave our heroine in her hour of need.

One day, one day, she saw and recognized Jakey's passion, and, finding that she could not make him speak by any means less than force, she resorted to force. And when a woman resorts to force there is always trouble—for the man.

Accordingly, when Jakey called one night toward the end of winter, he found, to his dismay, that he had announced truly upon the occasion of his first visit to some of the "fellows" before him. After this the "fellows" were always there, and always did his Rachel smile upon them.

Now were I to treat Jakey in the right manner, I would let his eyes be opened, but "all's fair in love and fiction." So Jakey stumbled blindly along the course of love, while gradually he lost hope of sunshine, and every thing, save his devotion for the impatient Rachel. When the spring came to the city there was winter in his heart, and then came the blow that shattered all his hopes.

One bright and joyous morning Mr. Plonsky drove around to the front of the store in his wagon. Next he called Jakey from the back room and informed him that they were about to set forth for the purpose of pulling Mr. Rosenzweig's furniture.

Mr. Rosenzweig, it appeared, had paid no installments for two months, and there was a rumor that he intended to move that night, taking the furniture with him. At this hour of the morning, however, Rosenzweig and his daughter were wont to be absent from their rooms. Therefore, Mr. Plonsky would pull the furniture as quickly as possible, leaving them to find their floors upon their return. Rosenzweig was smart, but there were others smarter than he. Also it would be one of the jokes of the season.

However, it was no joke to Jakey. Seizing his father he begged him frantically to wait awhile.

"He is Rachel's father and I love her," said Jakey. "All winter she has been cold to me, and now she will hate me. Give them time, father. Give them time, and I will see that they do not move away."

But Mr. Plonsky was as adamant. He said that he knew that Jakey loved Rachel. He had, in fact, known it for some time, but business was business. If Jakey lost this girl there were many others for the asking, which was not the case with his furniture. He liked Rachel and would not mind having her for a daughter-in-law, for then Jakey could live with her in the other room upstairs, and could pay him rent for the privilege of doing so. However, this was now out of the question. Jakey did not care to come with him; he could wait at the store and prepare to renovate the furniture upon his return. Then Mr. Plonsky drove away, leaving a tragedy behind him.

When he returned a little later with the furniture, he carried it into the back room and left it there without a word, being mindful of the sorrow of his son.

For a while Jakey gazed at the result of the morning's "pulling" in heartbroken silence, and then, very sadly, he set to work, wishing that with paint and varnish he might also restore his youth and happiness. The table was the first piece that attracted his attention—the table that had been the beginning of his romance. Alas! he found that, like his heart, it had suffered at the hands of his beloved Rachel. Its green baize top was splashed and stained with ink, that shone dully through a mass of rents, and its erstwhile shining legs were scarred and dented in a hundred places.

As for the knob that had been as mahogany, it was gone, while in its place a long and rusty nail was driven. Seizing this nail, Jakey pulled open the drawer to find a crumpled mass of papers inside. These he fell upon eagerly, for he knew that they were the drawings born of his Rachel's genius. At least he would have these mementoes of his loved one.

And so he spread them out upon the table, looking sadly at each one, until at the bottom of them all he came across a single sheet of note paper. Upon the note paper was a straggling scrawl of writing, and as Jakey looked at the warmth and sunshine came back into his heart, for his winter was over. Suddenly, with a whoop of delight, he cast the paper from him and went rushing into the store in a perfect frenzy of happiness.

"Father! Father!" he cried, "it's all right, and I'm going to marry Rachel. I'm going to marry her now, as soon as I can find the rabbi!" And rushing bareheaded into the street, he was gone, like a whirlwind.

For a moment Mr. Plonsky gazed after him in amazement. Then he turned towards the back room and went directly to the table. Picking up the paper, he gazed at it reflectively before he went back into the store again.

"So," said he, "so; Jakey his fate has met."

And well might he say so, since but a moment before he had gazed upon the very handwriting of fate, the handwriting that every woman must make, be she high or low, rich or poor, wife or maid, until the end of the world. For scrawled upon the note paper times innumerable was this simple legend: Mrs. Jacob Plonsky.

#### Radford Social News.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]  
RADFORD, VA., October 24.—(Owing to the condition of his throat, which is still affected from his strenuous campaigning trip in the Ninth District, ex-Governor Tyler will be unable to speak in New York and the East, as mapped out for him by the national committee. He will, however, speak in the Ninth District again, as soon as he is in voice once more.

Colonel Warner J. Kenderdine and Mr. E. M. Roop went to Bristol last week to hear Taft speak. Also Mr. Akers, of Auburn, and Mr. Palmer, of Childress.

Dr. E. B. Turner, of Ferguson's Wharf, Isle of Wight county, a prominent Mason and deputy grand master I. O. O. F., visited Captain W. T. Baldwin this week.

Presiding Elder Jackson and Mrs. Jackson, Rev. J. A. H. Shuler and Mrs.

# Reinach

107 East Broad Street.

All the Very Newest Ideas in Millinery  
Now Here and on Display.

Trimmed Hats for Street and Dress.—Come and see our beautiful display, that represents the products of the highest skill in millinery art. A number of these are original creations of our own skilled trimmers; a great many others are exact reproductions of the imported and New York models. The workmanship and materials are all of the finest. These are hats that look well, that wear well, and that are rich and elegant, notwithstanding our very, very moderate prices.



E. S. Jones have returned from conference at Knoxville. General approval is expressed at the return of these two popular ministers. Rev. Hugh Adkins succeeds the Rev. Mr. Barnett as pastor of Bourne Memorial, Mr. Barnett going to Richlands. Mr. Barnett's pastorate here was most satisfactory to his people, and he carries to his new field the good wishes not only of his own congregation, but of the town people generally.

Mrs. Selmon Longley, Miss Pearl Mitchell, Mrs. A. N. Jackson, Mrs. J. A. H. Shuler, Mrs. Harvey Barnett, Rev. Mr. Shuler and Rev. Mr. Jackson, are attending the Home Mission Institute for the Radford District at Dublin.

Mrs. A. N. Jackson visited her mother at Louisville, Tenn., while en route from conference.

Mrs. E. F. Gill has returned from a six weeks' visit to her daughter, Mrs. R. R. Rayburn, at Petersburg.

Miss Jennie Ramsey, of Norfolk, is the guest of Mrs. C. G. Johnson.

Mrs. W. B. Fuqua and Mrs. Howard Estis spent several days in Pulaski this week.



## Shoes for Rainy Days

The French woman has long realized the importance of having especially chic shoes for wet weather. Then is the gown subordinate to the shoe. The shoes which most effectively display the dainty arch and slender ankles are selected for her rainy day wear. She never appears in sodden, lumpy shoes any more than in ill-fitting clothes—the consequence, she is famous as the most chic woman in the world.

Among Patrician styles are several designs especially adapted for rainy day boots. As in all Patrician Shoes, the box toes and counters are made



of the best leather, which is bound to hold its shape. The style is charming. The boot is painstakingly fashioned and of the choicest materials throughout. It is a charmingly feminine boot, and will retain its shape through all conditions of weather.

Boots \$3.50 and \$4.  
Custom Styles \$5.00

Seymour Sycle  
Cor. 7th and Broad.

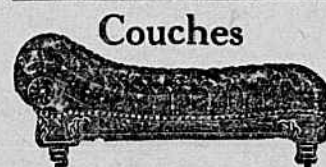


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# October Furniture Sale

Tempting Bargains! Don't Miss This Chance to Save Money

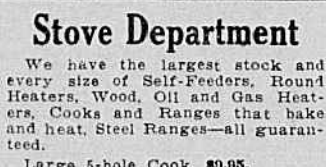
The October Marked-Down Sale of Furniture promises to eclipse the greatest Furniture bargain event you know of. A number of new lines of Furniture are included in the sale, and all goods are offered at from 25 to 50 per cent. below our regular underselling prices. You can buy on credit.



**Couches**  
\$15.00 value Couch, strongly constructed, oil tempered springs, upholstered in Velours or Verona  
**\$6.98**  
Oak Sideboard, large mirrors  
**\$13.25**  
Chase Leather Couches, solid oak frame, at  
**\$9.85**  
Leather Couches, extra fine, at only  
**\$19.65**  
Elegant Chiffonniers, with large mirrors  
**\$6.75**  
China Closets, oak, bent glass ends  
**\$11.75**  
6-ft. Extension Tables, 42x42-inch tops; this sale  
**\$4.35**  
Large Pictures  
**75c**  
Kitchen Tables  
**\$1.25**  
Large Cook Stoves  
**\$13.25**  
at  
**\$12.75**  
Peninsula Cast Ranges, six holes, elegantly trimmed, at  
**\$23.75**

**Matings**  
Regular 25c Matting, 12 1/2c price  
Regular 30c Matting, 16 1/2c price  
Regular 40c and 50c Matting; price  
**23c**

**Hassocks**  
A big lot of Hassocks, made of the ends of high-grade Axminster and Velvet Carpets of this season's productions. Many pretty patterns; special bargain at...  
**39c**



**Stove Department**  
We have the largest stock and every size of Self-Feeders, Round Heaters, Wood, Oil and Gas Heaters, Cooks, and Ranges that bake and heat. Steel Ranges—all guaranteed.  
Large 5-hole Cook, \$9.95.  
Wood Heaters, \$1.48.  
**We Are Agents for**  
**Loth's New Magic Wood Heaters**  
**They Are the Best.**



**Beds! Beds! Beds!**  
Bed offerings of extraordinary character. Bargains of the greatest magnitude. Over 100 different patterns and values to select from, at saving of one-half.  
\$3.00 Iron Beds at...**\$1.95**  
\$5.00 Iron Beds at...**\$3.75**  
\$10.00 Iron Beds at...**\$6.95**  
\$12.00 Children's Iron Crib at...**\$4.95**



**Dining-Room Tables**  
\$13.00 Tables .....**\$9.75**  
\$15.00 Tables .....**\$11.25**  
\$18.00 Tables .....**\$13.50**  
\$20.00 Quartered Oak Pedestal Tables .....**\$14.75**  
\$25.00 Quartered Oak Claw-foot Tables .....**\$17.50**  
\$30.00 Tables .....**\$22.50**  
\$35.00 Tables .....**\$26.75**  
\$40.00 Tables .....**\$30.00**  
\$50.00 Tables .....**\$37.50**  
Every Dining-Room Table at a special price.

**Carpets**  
Granite Ingrain Carpet at per yard, only .....**39c**  
Union Ingrain Carpet at per yard, only .....**43c**  
High Grade Ingrain Carpet, per yard, only .....**53c**  
All-Wool Extra Super, 85c grade, at only .....**69c**

**Self Feeders & Baseburners**  
Comet, Open Franklin, Cook Stoves and Steel Ranges.  
Our prices are the lowest, and terms easy.



**Sideboards**  
Everybody can have a Sideboard when they can buy one at such a low price.  
Solid Quarter Sawed Oak Sideboard; regular value, \$15.00; price at this sale .....**\$7.95**  
Regular value, \$20.00; price .....**\$14.35**  
Regular \$35.00 value; price .....**\$19.95**  
Regular \$50.00 value; price .....**\$31.75**

**Parlor Suits**  
Every set on the floor must go. Some as much as 40 per cent. off.  
\$60.00 Suits go at.....**\$45.00**  
\$50.00 Suits go at.....**\$37.50**  
\$45.00 Suits go at.....**\$33.75**  
\$40.00 Suits go at.....**\$30.00**  
\$35.00 Suits go at.....**\$26.25**  
\$30.00 Suits go at.....**\$22.50**  
\$25.00 Suits go at.....**\$18.75**  
\$20.00 Suits go at.....**\$15.00**

All Prices  
Marked in Plain  
Figures.  
Tempting  
Bargains

# Hopkins Furniture Co.

7 and 9 West Broad Street.

THE CHEAPEST CASH OR CREDIT STORE IN THE CITY.

Six Great Stores Throughout the State.

We pay freight on all goods to be delivered within one hundred miles of this store and make no charge for packing.

Give clear sight, enlarged field of vision, the greatest comfort and improved appearance. There is nothing too good for the eyes, and we furnish the best only.

**Our Superior Glasses**  
PRESCRIPTION WORK is our specialty, with complete optical manufacturing plant on the premises.

We are headquarters for KODAKS, PHOTO SUPPLIES, ARTISTIC DEVELOPING and PRINTING.

Expert service and lowest charges guaranteed in all departments. Mail orders receive prompt and careful attention.

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## The Permanent Cure of Alcohol and Drug Habits

Can only be effected through the genuine Dr. Leslie E. Keeley Institute, at Richmond, Va., offers every advantage for the treatment as administered at the new

**Keeley Institute,**  
Richmond, Va.,

Now located overlooking Chimborazo Park, and the James River. Under new management, located in a pretentious home, newly furnished, the Keeley Institute, at Richmond, Va., offers every advantage for the taking of the time-tried and tested Keeley Cure under ideal conditions. The charges, which are extremely moderate, cover a treatment of from four to six weeks, completely rebuilding the nerve cells from a condition of craving to a normal healthy condition of functional performance. Write to-day for full details.

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